

AN
E L E G Y
ON THE
D E A T H
OF
JAMES SUTHERLAND, Esq.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]



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JAMES SUTHERLAND, Esq.

BY EUNOHOO.

MELIORIBUS UTERE FATIS.

Virg.

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M,DCC,XCI.



TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE writer of the following lines was witness
of the fatal event. They are a *Sketch from
Death!* They flowed, while the heart of the
unfortunate subject was shedding its last drops.
It is not with a desire of throwing a funeral
damp on the soul of Sensibility, that they are now
offered to the world ; but it is with a wish, that
Merit

Merit in despair may be convinced how very un-
availing is rashness, how fruitless complaint, and
how transient the sigh given to departed merit.

Patient magnanimity and obstinate exertion
exalt depressed merit: headlong resolution may
create surprise, and draw a tear; but that tear is
embittered with the reflection, that the merit we
deplore has contributed to efface its past honors.

Feeling, however, gets the better of reproach;
and while our whole soul condemns those who
urged him to the deed, we cannot help sobbing
forth, *Poor Sutherland!*



A N

A N
E L E G Y.

WHAT art thou, Life? What is this wretched round
Of rueful days, and melancholy nights?
Why should immortal beings on thee ground
The basis of their hopes, and their delights?

Ah me! when hope is fated, when delight,
When pleasure flutters in the beams of joy,
Thou art but then a gewgaw of the fight,
An *ignis fatuus*, and a gay decoy!

B

As

As thou art short, so are thy joys unfure,
 The fleeting meteors of a troubl'd sky;
 They shoot awhile, across an æther pure,
 But only live to witness that they die!

Thou load of wretchedness, poor painful Life,
 Hell of the good, and of the bad the Heaven,
 Thee pensive Hobbs has prov'd the state of strife,
 Where virtue wars with vice, on ground uneven.

One bliss thou hast, the bliss of ending soon:—
 The sole reward that merit asks of thee!
 'Tis pity that the lamentable boon
 Should prove a crime, without high Heaven's decree!

Thus as I mus'd, in silent anguish led
 Through vistas gay, of royal splendour vain;
 A sudden sound, in repercussion dread,
 Flew to my heart, and echo'd through my brain.

I saw him fall; the victim of distress,
 To rolling royalty, had bent the knee :
 But mis'ry, in the garb of merit's dress,
 Pomp pass'd, with scorn, and grandeur would not see.

I caught his hand; but, ah ! he had expir'd !
 His soul, quite weary of a cruel world,
 Flew to that quiet she had long desir'd,
 While pride, unfeeling, to its fawners hurl'd.

Expos'd, the old, the manly body lay :
 The life-blood curdling on his shatter'd breast :
 His venerable front, as cold as clay :
 And now, at last, his grey hairs sunk to rest !

Cold the green sod which gave him rest at last !
 Ah ! colder still those hearts who rest deni'd :
 For Britain's weal, through many pains he past ;
 Through Britain's base ingratitude he died !

Of life the ocean wide, he fearless plow'd ;
 And took no pilot but his British heart :
 Careless of shifting his undaunted shroud,
 He scorn'd to harbour in the straits of art.

His was the heart, that, when false fortune shone,
 Pour'd out her blessings on a hapless friend :
 And *Calpé's* turrets will for ever moan
 The gen'rous SUTHERLAND's inglorious end !

His loyal heart, in foreign prisons pent,
 Lavish'd his little all, to serve his king :
 While secret villainy his garland rent,
 And aim'd dark arrows at his eagle wing.

For what is life, when, only honour's shade
 Remains, an outcast hostage of its fame ;
 When pimps can blast, and fycophants degrade,
 The brightest trophies, and the fairest name ?

Britons,

Britons, beware! 'tis now no time to soar:

In gallant duty to your king and realm:

For, ah! the days of gallantry are o'er,

When interest sits brooding at the helm.

Full many a heart like Sutherland's now bleeds,

And dreads the fate of every threat'ning hour:

And many a loyal soul on sorrow feeds,

While treach'rous fraud enjoys the *curse of power!*

Full many a billow-beaten son of grief,

His breast with British indignation full,

Disdains, though conscious he deserves relief,

The mean request, from tatter'd garb, to pull:

To cringe beneath th' unmeaning eye of pride!

To fight, then beg, and beg without a hope!

To serve, then perish! and, while slaves deride,

To meet no comfort, but a ball, or rope!

O Loyalty,

O Loyalty, what martyrs are thy faints!

How blest thy foes, how calm, how happy they!

Presence, its lies, with easy pencil paints;

While *absence*, with its truth, is far away.

Wretches, bedaub'd with honours not their own,

Creeping through dirty craft, at glory's aim,

Wind their fly way, to circumvent the throne,

While bleeding virtue dares not hint a claim.

And is this then the free, the happy isle,

Where deeds of fair report can never die?

Must the heart's blood of British worthies foil

Their hoary locks, to draw protection's eye?

O Sutherland, where'er thy manes be,

Urge not celestial vengeance on our land!

The day may come, thy foes may weep for thee,

And curse *their* guilt, that rais'd *thy* luckless hand.

E'en

E'en now, thro' Albion, many a bosom throbs
 With honest grief that thy hard fate was hid :
 And thousands, now, with unavailing fobs,
 Would fain undo what thy sad feelings did.

For, O, poor shade ! I feel what thou hast felt :
 Though raw in youth, Ingratitude's keen gripe
 Has maim'd exertion, and hard Fate has dealt
 Misfortune's buffet, and foul Slander's stripe.

Harsh to the great the voice of grief may seem ;
 But I have felt ; and all my feelings speak :
 My lines convey no mercenary dream ;
 'Tis real truth that now bedews my cheek.

Spleen has not prompted what the muse has said :
 Nor has cold interest bespoke the lay :
 Hope is a bankrupt, when the source is dead ;
 One line suspected, virtue throws away.

Well

Well do I know what anguish pierc'd thy breast,
 When the fond arms of both thy daughters rose,
 To urge thee to a momentary rest,
 And soothe thy yearning spirits to repose.

Well do I know what torments tore thy soul,
 When royal chillness mark'd the courtier's guile;
 When beardless statesmen push'd thee from the gaol,
 And robb'd thee of the meed of all thy toil.

Shame on the age! when feeling flies the great,
 When upstart insolence, in stern parade,
 Laughs at the vet'ran that has propt the State,
 His wounds still bleeding, and his toils unpaid!

Let those who lavish what their fathers won,
 Feel all the rig'rous justice of the State;
 And let the father's fame upbraid the son;
 But still protect the rising son, from fate.

Honour,

(15)

Honour, and pomp, and pride, and power, are giv'n

To those who fawn, who flatter, and who lie:

While loyal arms, and heads, and hearts, are driv'n

To starve unheeded, and unheeded die.

EUNOHOO.

Just published,

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE,

A
L E T T E R

TO THE

E L E C T O R S

OF

G R E A T B R I T A I N.

By *JAMES SUTHERLAND, Esq.*

LATE JUDGE OF THE ADMIRALTY AT MINORCA.

L O N D O N :

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